THE Scolding Wives GARLAND:

Compoſed of Five New SONGS.

Song I. The Scolding Wives Return to their Husbands.
Song II. Philomel's Complaint: Alſo Cloe's Anſwer.
Song III. Sung in the Opera of Startus.
Song IV. A Dialogue between Straphon and Young Phillis at the Boarding-School.
Song V. Pinks and Lillies; Or, Phillis at a Nosegay.

The Scolding Wives Garland:

SONG I.

The Scolding Wives Return to their Husbands.

O What News have they brought us from Spain,
The Blacks are a coming to bring the old women
home once again.
Seven long Years they have work'd at the Hoe,
With reaping and sowing, and plowing and mowing
in grief and woe
Troopers round England may sigh and complain,
For the Blacks are a bringing the scolding old women
all home again.
Last Saturday night at seven o'Clock
The brought scolding

Zucks! at the Doo
She call'd him a

Open the door, or

Harry being wake
Strait fell to scrubb

Who's there say he
'Tis I you old Lo

Then open the do

Last Saturday
They made

With ne
With

Troopers round Britain may ſigh and complain,
for the Blacks, &c.
Roger the Blackſmith was wonderful hot,
With Richard and Robin he went to old Dobin's
to drink a Pot.
Setting cloſe by the Fire and of thinking no ſtrife,
The Blacks very nimbly down the Chimney
dropt his wife,
With a Buſhel of Soot ſhe fell into the flame,
for the Blacks, &c.
As honeſt Randal the Gardner of Peterborough Town,
He was ſtaving, tugging and delving, and digging
his Garden Ground.
The Black flying, and when the Gardner he did ſee,
He toſs'd his Wife Beſs with her greaſy A———ſe,
in a Mulberry tree.
And the Juice of the Fruit her fat B———ks did ſtain,
For the blacks &c.
All over St. Giles's, likewiſe Billingſgate,
There's Margery, Mary, Rebecca and Sarah,
nay Joan and Kate,
That 's lately returned with ſeveral more,
They are grown ſo bold, that now they do ſcold
much worſe than before.
Troopers round England may ſigh and complain,
for the Blacks, &c.
Batchelors all I would have you beware,
Both Landmen and Seamen, take care of the Women
tho' never ſo fair,
Drive not too long, but wed while you're young,
Then you at leaſure with great eaſe and pleaſure,
may bridle their Tongue.
Troopers round England may ſigh and complain,
For the Blacks are bringing the ſcolding Woman home
again.

SONG II.

Philomel's Complaint.

CLoe, thou conqueror of my Heart,
Cloe thou conqueror of my heart,
Triumph no longer in my ſmart,
but mov'd with pity take my part.

Would you believe what I reveal, &c.
Soon would your ſtubborn heart of ſteel,
be forc'd Love's fatal Flame to feel.

Do not your faithful Swain deſpiſe, &c.
Nor ſtand regardleſs of his Cries,
When that for you he faints and dies.

Cupid my Aid I do emplore, &c.
Wound the fair Nymph I do adore,
Or my poor Heart again reſtore.

See how I lye with Grief oppreſt, &c.
by cruel Love debar'd of reſt,
Here I muſt languiſh comfortleſs.

Cloe, your Love is all I crave,
Therefore take pity on your Slave,
And keep me Cloe from my Grave.

Cloe's Anſwer.

GIve o'er thy fooliſh Love my Swain,
Ceaſe any longer to complain,
You ſue for what you'll ne'er obtain.

While I am airy, young and free,
I will not ſell my Liberty,
No Man ſhall make a Slave of me.

I'll live a ſingle happy Life,
Free from all trouble, care and ſtrife,
No Man ſhall e'er make me a Wife,

Cupid in vain may bend his bow,
My conſtant Heart ſhall let him know,
His Days ſhall never work my woe.

If Men do ſmile, I'll ſmile again,
And if they frown I'll frown again,
I'll ne'er be drawn by Cupid's chain.

To gain my Love no longer try,
Since you I plainly do deny,
For I a Maid will live and dye.

SONG III.

Sung in the Opera of Aſſartus.

TRanſported with pleaſure,
I gaze on my Treaſure,
And raviſh my ſight, and raviſh my ſight,
While ſhe gayly ſmiling
My Anguiſh beguile——ing,
Augments my Delight.
While ſhe gayly ſmiling,
My Anguiſh beguile——ing,
Augments my Delight.

Note, *Sing each Verſe twice over*

How bleſt is the Lover
Whoſe Torment is over,
His Fears and his Pain, his Fears and his Pains,
When Beauty relenting,
Repays with conſent——ing,
Her ſcorn and diſdain.
When Beauty relenting,
Repays with conſent——ing.
Her ſcorn and diſdain.

Song

Song IV.

A Dialogue between Strephon and Young Phillis, at the Boarding-School.

To the Tune of, The Shepherds Holliday, &c.

He. COme Phillis to me, let's now happy be,
For you are the Charmer which only I ſee.
With ſuch Beauty you flow, I can't from you go.
'Till you have conſented your Love for to ſhow;
Like Doves let us play, and paſs Time away,
Courting and ſporting whilſt now that we may.

She. My Governeſs ſhe will angry be,
So you muſt not think of having of me,
Shou'd ſhe catch you here, ſhe'd uſe me ſevere,
Pray Strephon be gone, leaſt ſhe ſhou'd you hear.
He. But your Governeſs did ſay you muſt me obey,
Courting and ſporting whilſt now that we may.

She. Ah, Tales you now tell,
To keep within Call ſhe doth me compel;
Shou'd I yield to you, you wou'd me undo;
So, pray now, begone, leaſt I rue for you,
For my Governeſs did ſay, ſhou'd I you obey,
Ruin, Undoing would come by that way.

She. No longer contend, I dare not offend,
For I am too young, ſome other commend;
For I'll ne'er conſent to give you content,
To grant what you aſk, leaſt I ſhould repent;
For my Governeſs did ſay, ſhou'd I you obey,
Ruin, Undoing wou'd come by that way.

He. No longer be Coy, leaſt you me deſtroy,
Without you dear Phillis, I ne'er ſhall have joy;
Conſider your Swain, and pity my Pain,
Doom not my Hopes now of you all in vain;
But fly to my Arms, I'll guard you from harms,
Courting and ſporting is ſweet with your Charms.

She. No more now will I your Favours deny,
Here take Poſſeſſion, you ſhan't from me dye,
My Governeſs may go on her own way,
But now I'll ne'er mind her, but will you obey:
Now in your Arms I'll venture my Charms,
Courting and ſporting, [illegible] of Harms.

Song V.

[illegible] a Nonplus.

[illegible]ne.

[illegible]

[illegible] Flowers,

[illegible] Spring,

It is but your denying,
Why should I fearful be,
Every Moment gently flying,
Smiling says, make use of me,
Smiling says, &c.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
Might I tell what I could do,
I would with my lovely Phillis,
I would——ah would not you?
I would——ah, &c.

Yet I die if I co
Ask my Eyes, an
And if neither
Think what
Think what